

All Mine

by c e n n a d e s u

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Summary: "Unrequited love is the worst. You tell yourself you're stupid. That you should just give up. But you just can't...Even if you know the feeling will never be reciprocated. Its stupid â€" all of it's stupid." What exactly do you do, when you're mind and heart are at war right in front of the person you're madly, unmistakably in love with." Kuroo Tetsurou x OC

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*All Mine\*\***

**\*\*Summary: \*\***"Unrequited love is the worst. You tell yourself you're stupid. That you should just give up. But you just can't...Even if you know the feeling will never be reciprocated. 'ts stupid â€" all of it's stupid." What exactly do you do, when you're mind and heart are at war right in front of the person you're madly, unmistakably in love with."

Kuroo Tetsurou x OC

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><p>Kuroo leaned back in his chair, his arms branched out as he balanced all his weight on the back legs of the wooden seat.<p>

He knew that he should probably be focusing on the lesson that was being explained on the board in front of the class. He knew there would probably be a test on the information being taught now quite soon. He knew that he needed to keep his grades up in order to be promoted to a third year with the rest of his classmates.

He knew. He knew. He knew. So maybe he should pay attention?

...Nah.

He eased his chair back down, the feet of the chair quietly connecting to the ground. He leaned forward and placed his head into the cradle he made with his arms by folding them onto each other. He yawned quietly into his arms, turning his head to face the wall of windows that was to his left.

'Class is so \_boring\_~' He thought to himself as he allowed his eyes to slide shut. His mind wondered, jumping from thought to thought until it finally settled on one thing. Or rather, person.

A certain blonde haired girl flashed into his mind, her dainty smile shaping her lips. She was a little tall for a girl, but had always been a few centimeters shorter than Kuroo. Something she has never been quite happy about. She had gentle green eyes and soft apricot skin with a light dusting of freckles stretching across the bridge of her nose. To everyone else, she came off as a kind, benevolent spirit. But Kuroo knew her better than anyone else, and she was, in fact, the complete opposite.

"\_I do it because I care, Kuroo-kun," \_she would coo, before committing a heinous act towards the tall volleyball player. Which he, of course, forgave her for. Again, again and again.

It was a cycle that he somehow got into, but made no effort to get out of.

Kuroo smirked lazily at the thought of what she would do if she found him slacking off in class. She had always been like that, ever since elementary school.

It was one of the things about her that Kuroo came to admire. To love.

He snuggled into his arms more, letting out a calming sigh. Good thing she was in a different class.

Kuroo smirked to himself. A light nap wouldn't hurt, right? She'd never find out.

\* \* \*

><p>Kuroo's cat like eyes fluttered open at the sudden flick of his nose. He blinked a few times, trying to focus in on the figure that stood to the left of him, just a few centimeters off.<p>

"Mama?" Kuroo called out, knowing all too well who it was that stood before him.

Nimble fingers flicked his nose again for a second time before walking away to take the empty seat before him.

Kuroo pushed himself up, his eyes drowsy from his nap.

How long had he been sleeping for?

"You must have slept through the whole morning session," a boy beside him commented quietly, answering his mental question. Kuroo looked over at him, and watched as his eyes were trained on the DSXL that was in his hands. The boy's honey colored eyes looked up at Kuroo

from the edge of the screen before looking back at his game.

"Kenma!" Kuroo greeted, planting a friendly hand onto the shoulder of the first year. "What're you doing in here?"

"It's our lunch hour, \_Kuroo\_," a voice answered from the seat before him. He cautiously etched his eyes to look in the direction that the voice came from.

His eyes met with soft green ones, although the emotion being portrayed through them weren't so nice.

"Ah, Noa-chan~" he greeted, his lips pulling back into a light smirk, "When did you get here-"

"You can't be sleeping during class like that, Kuroo," she reprimanded, her hand reaching forward to flick him in the nose again, "Do you not want to play volleyball this year?"

Kuroo leaned back into his chair, pouting at the girl who just scolded him.

"It was only a nap," he mumbled, looking out the windows that he fell asleep facing. "I'll be fine."

"Your grades don't seem to agree with that," Kenma mumbled earning a betrayed look from Kuroo.

"Tsk," Noa sounded, leaning back into her chair, her eyes trained on the boy before her that suffered from chronic bedhead. Noa sat there silently, her lips pursed in thought.

"Oh!" she chimed, leaning forward towards Kuroo. "I know what we should do," she said, looking over at Kenma before looking back at Kuroo. "We'll hold study nights at Kuroo's house. That way, he can make up for all the lessons he misses during class."

Kenma remained silent, shrugging his shoulders in agreement.

"Alright, it's settled. Tonight, we're coming over to study Kuroo," Noa announced, picking up the tan bag that previously sat at the foot of her chair.

"Wait! It's only the second week of school!" Kuroo called, throwing his hands palms down on his desk. "Are you even going to ask me? What if I have things to do?"

"Like what?" Noa asked oh-so innocently.

Kuroo went silent, maintaining the eye contact he had with Noa's emerald like eyes.

Kuroo knew he lost this argument already from the moment Noa flicked his nose. It was destiny, and she was the muse of fate.

He slumped into his seat. "Fine," he mumbled, keeping his eyes trained on the blonde before him.

She smiled brightly at him. Kuroo's stomach tickled just a bit. It must have been because he hadn't had lunch yet, right?

"I'm proud of you, Kuroo-kun! You accepted it rather quickly."

'\_As if I had a choice.'\_ He thought to himself.

"Maybe this year will go pretty smoothly for you." She added.

Kuroo watched as she reached into the small bag that she had carried from her class to his own. She pulled out two wrapped anpan breads and set them on Kuroo's desk. He continued to watch as she pulled out a melonpan and placed it onto her lap, putting the bag on the floor beside her chair.

When she finally looked up and met Kuroo's eyes, he looked down at the two breads and back to her green eyes several times before she rose a dirty blond eyebrow.

"They're for you and Kenma-kun. Since I know you two rarely bring lunches for yourself," she explained, before taking a bite of her melonpan.

Kenma finally looked up from his game at Noa. "They're for us?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "You guys never brought lunches with you in middle school. I brought them just in case," she replied with a small smile.

Kenma's honey eyes looked down at the wrapped bread while he set his game onto the desk, before reaching forward to take one. "Thanks," he uttered while unwrapping the pastry.

Kuroo scoffed. "I only eat homemade pastries," he joked, his face set in his usual smirk.

Noa ignored him, deciding to ask Kenma about his game.

Pouting, Kuroo reached forward to take the last anpan, unwrapping it before taking a bite of the sweet pastry. He watched quietly as Noa and Kenma discussed the first year's new game "something they've done since they were in elementary school."

It always used to be just the three of them. All up until last year. Noa began dating someone she met through her parents who ended up being a student at Nekoma, although he was a third year.

'\_Rich bastard,'\_ is the only way Kuroo could describe him. Noa's parents approved her relationship with him more than they approved her friendship with himself and Kenma.

Admittedly, it rubbed him the wrong way.

"Why aren't you eating lunch with your love?" Kuroo asked, his smirk easily hiding the frustration behind his voice.

It was an uncommon sight to see her here during lunch, as that time (and the rest of her free time) seemed to be dedicated to her  
\_lovely\_ -

"Toru?" She clarified, "He has to do some things for the basketball club, but he said he'll text me when he's done," she answered, a light smile gracing her lips.

"Ah," Kuroo began, throwing the last piece of anpan into his mouth, "Well, thank you for gracing us with your presence, Noa-hime~." He taunted.

The very thought of Toru rubbed him the wrong way.

Noa shot him a dirty look before Kenma's light voice caught her attention.

"It's good that things are going well between you two," he commented, his eyes trained on the game that seems to have jumped back into his hands.

"Thanks, Kenma-kun," Noa replied happily, "You guys should come have lunch with us some time," she invited, taking a bite of her melonpan.

Before Kenma could reply, Kuroo snorted. "And do what? Bow down to the prince?"

Noa gave him a sad look. "He's not that bad."

"You have to say that, you're his girlfriend," he retorted. He flinched at the tone he used and scrambled for a way to recover. "Besides, Kenma isn't really interested in that stuff."

The two second years looked over at their younger friend who kept his gaze trained on the bright lights and moving figures on the screen of his DS. He knew from experience that he shouldn't touch this subject with a ten meter pole. Especially when it had to do with Toru.

The attention of the three childhood friends was shifted onto Noa's pastel pink cellphone. It chimed twice, notifying her of a new message that waited to be read.

She pick up the small device from her lap and read the message, a smile growing on her face. She twisted to her left side and picked up the small bag that she carried in with her. Picking up the bread wrappers, she stood up and smoothed out her navy skirt.

She looked over at Kenma who's eyes were now back onto the screen of the DS, then over at Kuroo who has his gaze adverted to the clouds that floated outside the window.

She walked in the space of Kenma's and Kuroo's desks. Placing a light hand onto the heads of her two best friends, she ruffled their hair slightly before walking forward.

"Don't fall asleep again, Kuroo. I mean it," she warned over her right shoulder, "I'll see you two later."

She caught onto the light nod that Kenma used as a response, then on the lazy wave that Kuroo threw up without looking her way.

Kuroo let out a sigh when she finally left the class room.

Kenma looked over at the boy, who's eyes were fixated on the clouds that floating in the sky outside. "You could just tell her," he suggested, shutting his DS before slipping it into his pocket, taking out his red cellphone instead.

"Tell her what?" Kuroo spat, knowing that Kenma knew of situation better than anyone. "It won't make a difference, will it?"

"It's better than keeping it to yourself," Kenma paused, "Although, you haven't been doing a good job at that."

Kuroo slumped into his chair, his hands raising to cover his face.

Kuroo knew. He knew. He knew. He knew.

But he also knew that Noa was desperately in love with Toru and that wouldn't change.

Even if she came to find out that Kuroo was just as desperately in love with her.

## 2. Chapter 2

The hallways were lively, full of the voices of the students that crowded it, their chattering coming together to form a dull roar.

"Kuroo!" a voice called from the quiet chaos.

Said boy slowed his pace down the hall way, creating a wedge in the sea of second years the flooded from the classrooms, scrambling to head home. It was finally the end of the day, and not even the most studious of students wanted to spend a moment longer than what was required.

He turned around, his keen, dark eyes locking onto the blonde girl that made his way to him. A light smile formed on his face as he watched Noa — his best friend, his confidant, the girl he that he's deeply in love with — make her way over to him, a smile gracing her lightly freckled face.

He took a few steps forward, meeting her half way.

"I hope you didn't think you could skip out on our study date," she teased, nudging her shoulder into his arm lightly as she looked just a few inches up at him.

"The thought didn't even cross my mind," he responded, his voice dripping in sarcasm. He was telling the truth, though. Admittedly, he was looking forward to the 'study date' he had with the green eyed girl, and of course Kenma. It had been a while since they had the opportunity to hang out. He felt as if they had been drifting apart, little by little since the start of the first year of high school.

Kuroo didn't like it, but what could he possibly do?

He'd never tell Noa that though. She was happy, and if she was happy,

even at the expense of his own happiness, then that was enough for him.

They were heading towards the main staircase that would lead them to the first floor of the school building when Kuroo looked over at Noa from the corner of his eye. Of course, her smile was still pulling at the corner of her lips, crinkling the light blanket of freckles that laid across her nose.

She was beautiful. And always has been to Kuroo, even when she went through the awkward phase called middle school.

His smile slowly disappeared when he shifted his eyes back to look ahead of him, almost instantly locking onto a tall 3rd year, who was currently surrounded by his almost always present group of admirers.

Said boy looked over the heads of those who surrounded him and somehow spotted Noa in less than a few moments.

His oh-so perfect tan face pulled back in a sneaky smile, as he wedged himself out of the crowd that surrounded him, his goal obvious to all.

Noa noticed the boy before her and increased her pace, her smile growing more and more with each step she took. "Toru!" she called out meeting the boy halfway.

Tohru smiled down at his girlfriend, who was seven inches shorter than his 6'3" frame. He hugged her, his silver haired head dipping down, cradling in the crook of her neck.

Kuroo slowed his pace, observing the embrace that the couple shared. His lips turned up into a tight scowl, his fists clenching into themselves. He'll never get used to seeing them together like that.

And he'll never understand why he always let himself stand there, watching it all.

Kuroo watched as Tohru whispered something into Noa's ear, kissing her cheek before standing back at his full height. His hands remained settled on Noa's hips, her arms looped around his neck.

Kuroo bit his lower lip as he leaned against a wall, willing himself to look down the opposite end of the hallway. He wanted to look, so badly. But at the same time, he just couldn't. He pulled his phone out to distract himself, idly swiping through the pages of apps that he had downloaded, none sparking his interest.

He caught onto a few fleeting comments of people that passed him by.

"They're such a cute couple!"

"Oh, they're so perfect together."

"I wish I could find someone that loved me as much as he loves Noa~"

The scowl grew on Kuroo's lips, the grip he had on his phone tightening significantly.

His head snapped up when Noa approached him from his right side, Toru just a few steps behind her.

"Kuroo," Toru greeted, raising a lazy hand in greeting, "It's been a while."

Kuroo somehow managed to make his scowl disappear, forcing his lips into a thin line as he nodded his head, deeming that Toru wasn't worthy of a verbal greeting.

"When are you gonna join basketball?" Toru asked, placing a hand on Kuroo's clothed shoulder. He was only two or three inches taller than Kuroo, but was slightly more muscular thanks to the difference in training for basketball and volleyball. He had a head fully of silver hair, paired with steel colored eyes.

He looked like a supervillan to Kuroo, but he, of course, would never tell anyone that.

Kuroo forced a laugh in response to his question, slyly shaking off the third year's hand.

Toru really rubbed him the wrong way, and Kuroo knew that the discomfort was mutual.

He watched as Toru hugged Noa from behind, his arms wrapping around her waist. He whispered something into the girl's ear before turning her head gently to place a ghost like kiss on her rosy pink lips. Kuroo could have sworn that Toru's eyes flashed up at him as if he was silently mocking him. Tooru placed another light kiss on Noa's cheek before finally separating himself from her. He whispered his goodbye to her before raising his head to look at Kuroo. "Think about joining, will you?" he suggested before waving lazily again, turning to join that posse of basketball members that waited for him at the end of the hallway.

Kuroo looked down at Noa who was already looking at him. He tilted his head in the direction of the stairs before walking forward. Noa fell into place with his footsteps beside him.

"Thanks," she uttered as they trotted down one set of stairs.

"For what?" Kuroo asked. Noa noticed that his usual smirk wasn't tracing through his words and looked up at him, her green eyes assessing him silently. His lips was unusually set in a thin line.

Noa turned her head to face forward once they finally reached the first floor, looking at the entrance way where the shoe lockers were.

"For being nice," she finally answered.

Noa was far from stupid and could easily pick up on his frustration. She's known him for the majority of her life and could easily sense when he wasn't his usual self, even without him saying a word.



Kuroo shrugged his shoulders, his hand raising to run his fingers through his dark hair. Kuroo pouted when it stayed down for only a moment before popping back up again.

A wave of silence shrouded them when they reached their lockers. Ever since elementary school, their lockers had always been placed near each other.

\_Fate, maybe?\_ Kuroo thought to himself as he slipped off his indoor shoes, slipping his feet into his outdoor ones. He knew from the corner of his eye that Noa was doing the same.

Noa looked around them silently before her eyes locked onto her target. "Kenma!" she called, earning a glance from the first year.

He had his back to a vending machine that stood lonely in a corner of the entrance room. He would've gone unnoticed had it not been for Noa.

The two second years walked towards him as he pushed himself off from the vending machine, his face buried in the screen of his phone. He had already switched into his outdoor shoes, and had been waiting for his childhood friends ever since. He followed behind them silently as they let the way out the school building, into the warm spring air that waited for them outside.

He felt the awkward tension in the air, even without the two before him saying anything. He decided it would be best if he kept silent also.

Whatever it was that the two were going through would eventually work itself out.

At least he hoped.

\* \* \*

><p>"Ahh~ I can't take this anymore!" Kuroo exclaimed, throwing his arms in the air signaling his defeat. The moment they walked into his family's home, Noa forced him to take out every textbook he lugged around with him in his school bag. Ever since the moment, Kuroo has had his nose tucked into some book, his only breaks being the ones he made for himself when he escaped to use the restroom.<p>

He felt and heard the pops from his back as he stretched his arms further, his eyes screwed shut as a cooling feeling rushed through his back. He looked around his room, only to notice his two 'study buddies' hanging off the edge of his bed, both focused on the game that Kenma held in his hands. They had been discussing and raving over said game \_the entire time\_ and Kuroo had just noticed.

\_The whole time...\_"Hey!" Kuroo called, the realization finally computing in his head.

Noa looked up at him, her image of him upside down. She rolled away from Kenma onto her stomach, her eyes still trained on the boy before her. Kenma, of course, kept his eyes glued on the screen of his DS.

"What?" Noa responded, her eyebrow raising in curiosity. She had pulled her hair up into a messy bun, a few strands of her dull blond hair hanging out, framing her face gently. "You've finished all your lessons already?" She added, perking up as she pushed herself up on her elbows.

"Why aren't you two studying?" He asked, his pouting sounding clear through his voice.

Noa let out a quiet laugh. "This study session wasn't for \_us,\_" she explained.

"You're the one who falls asleep during class," Kenma added, finishing up Noa's sentence.

They always ganged up on Kuroo like this, as if they were some secret tag team and Kuroo was their victim every time.

Why did he hang out with them again?

He watched as Noa climbed off his bed, walking towards him. Sometime while Kuroo was steadily torturing himself, she changed into one of Kuroo's old shirts and a pair of his old, washed out shorts, both items just a few sizes too big for her.

She knelt down near him, looking over the stack of finished work he completed. Kuroo watched as her green eyes scanned all of his answers, nodding her head in approval periodically.

Kuroo sat there in suspenseful silence, the only noise coming from Kenma's video game.

Finally, Noa looked up at him, a light smile gracing her lips. It proved to be contagious, as Kuroo felt his lips pull back slightly.

"Good job, 'Roo!" she praised, placing the stack of papers back where she picked them up from. She punched him lightly in his right arm, something that she's always done when she was genuinely happy for him. "It's almost as if you didn't need either of us here."

And he didn't. But he'd never admit that.

The attention of the second years were called when Kenma shut his DS, the light click sounding through Kuroo's bedroom. They watched as Kenma rolled onto his stomach before pushing himself up to climb off the raised futon. He walked over to a corner of Kuroo's room and pick up his school bag, throwing it there carelessly when they arrived. Kenma finally looked up at the eyes of his friends. He quickly averted his amber ones, looking down at the various objects that were thrown about Kuroo's floor.

"I'm gonna head home," Kenma explained quietly, as he slipped his bag's strap across his chest. "My mom is making apple pie tonight..."

Noa let out an airy laugh at Kenma's honesty. "It's fine! Have enough for all three of us," she responded, her tan hand raising to wave bye.

"It's not like you were much help anyways," Kuroo mumbled to himself as he looked back down at the textbook that was laid out before him.

Noa punched Kuroo in the arm again, this time having a little more force behind it. Kenma nodded before walking towards Kuroo's bedroom door. "I'll see you guys tomorrow," he uttered, slipping out the door. Noa and Kuroo focused on the soft padding of his footsteps as he climbed down the stairs until they finally disappeared.

Kuroo slumped forward, his brain finally getting a rest from the sudden workout it was forced to endure. After a few moments of silence, he lifted his head up, looking over at Noa out of habit. His eyes locked onto her green ones, which were already trained on him. He rose a single, black eyebrow at her wondering what she could possibly be thinking of.

"You really do remind me of a cat," she finally confessed. She's said that many times before, although, it has been a while since Kuroo heard the weird compliment. Was it even meant to be a compliment? Kuroo decided to not ask.

Kuroo smirked in response. He looked back down at his textbook, picking up the pencil that he tossed sometime earlier. He could still feel Noa's gentle gaze set on him. He could feel his palms getting just a little clammy from the unusual attention. "Speaking of cats," he began, after scrambling for something to say to break the awkward silence "although, it was only awkward for him. "How's Shiroyoi doing?"

Noa perked up at the mention of the once stray cat that was now in her care. "She's great! She's gotten a little chubby though," she admitted, laughing lightly. "You should come by and see her sometime, it's been a while since you have."

Kuroo nodded. "It has," he agreed as he ran his free hand through his hair, which of course popped right back up.

"How long has it been? Four years since we found her, right?" Noa mused, "It seems so long ago, and we were so young," she added sheepishly.

"And you insisted on taking it home," Kuroo commented, his lips pulled back in a nostalgic smile. "Even though you knew your mom wouldn't be happy about it."

He saw Noa shrug from the corner of his eye. "We couldn't leave her out there," she replied, folding her legs underneath her.

Kuroo nodded, agreeing silently. It's been a while since it was just the two of them. Not that he didn't appreciate the company of his neighbor, Kenma. But he did miss the precious moments he had with Noa when they ended up alone. Now, they were few and far in between.

He heard Noa shuffling as she got to her feet. He rose his head as he watched her go over to her forgotten school bag and pull out her light pink cell phone. She pressed the home button, lighting up the screen, hope clear in her eyes. He noticed that her shoulders fell just a little before she turned back around to face him, oblivious of

his observing of her.

He figured out easily what it was that disappointed her.

"Toru still at basketball practice?" He asked idly as he glanced over at his clock that hung on the wall above his desk.

8:37 the analog device read.

"Probably," she responded as she climbed back onto Kuroo's bed. He listened as she rustled with his blankets, probably wrapping them around herself.

Out of his own will, Kuroo went back to finish the last few problems he had left. English was never his forte.

A silence fell between them â€" a phenomena that seemed to be happening quite frequently, Kuroo noticed â€" as he quickly worked through the lessons. Out of habit, his hand rose to his hair, threading his fingers through it over and over.

Kuroo jumped slightly when nimble fingers tangled themselves in his black hair gently. He looked over his shoulders, back at Noa who was now at the edge of the bed, her head resting sideways on her free arm, as her left one ran its fingers through his hair.

His scalp tingled at the sudden touch, sending ripples down his spine. It was as if he was a kitten, being pet gently on his soft spot behind his ears.

He let out a silent sigh as he allowed his eyes to slide shut. Noa's hushed voice reached his ear.

"I like your hair," she admitted, "It's soft."

His eyes still closed, Kuroo let out a quiet chuckle. "Don't fall in love with me, now," he teased. He knew all too well that that was exactly what he wanted to happen.

She twisted one of the silken black tuft of hair around her finger before threading all five back into it once again. Silence took the place of her answer, but Kuroo didn't mind.

He allowed himself to relax fully under her touch, his homework once again, going unnoticed.

After what seemed to be a short eternity of bliss, Noa finally pulled her hand away from his head. Kuroo looked back at her, failing to cover the pout that took over his lips.

Noa laughed. "Finished your work, 'Roo." she advised, laying her head down on the fluffy pillow that laid on Kuroo's bed.

It smelled exactly like him, she noted.

Obedying, Kuroo looked back down at the English work before him and started scribbling away. He could feel the ghost touches of her fingers running through his hair as he worked, it helped him stay focused to say the least.

If this is what he got as a reward for his studying willingly, then he'd do it anytime.

Kuroo smiled bitterly to himself. It saddened him that he had to work to get such attention, when some people got it completely for free.

\* \* \*

><p>Kuroo stretched his arms above him, earning a few soft pops from his locked up joints. He glanced over at the clock, which now read 10:24. He let out a tired sigh before looking over his right shoulder. His eyes locked onto the sight behind him.<p>

Noa laid peacefully asleep, her blonde hair spread across the pillow, her cellphone laying forgotten above her head. He watched as her stomach and chest rose slowly with each breath before falling as she exhaled. He could watch her like this for \_hours.\_ But that would be borderlining on creepy, wouldn't it?

He rose his hand forward, with the intention of waking her up gently, before his eyes caught onto the flashing of the LED light on her cellphone. He glanced at her face, her lips parted slightly, a light blush waving across her nose. He picked up the device silently, his eyes locked onto Noa's slumbering face.

He pressed it's home button, causing the screen to light up. A large notification could be read on the screen.

'1 NEW MESSAGE FROM: Toru '

Kuroo's face was instantly set in a scowl. He battled within himself whether he should read the message or not. Just as he was about to hit, 'OPEN', he stopped himself and looked up at Noa who went undisturbed. She was happy, and who would he be to ruin that for her?

He placed her cellphone back down, and laid a hand gently onto her shoulder, shaking her lightly. "Noa-chan~" he called, quietly. The girl shuffled slightly, not breaking her sleep. "Noa~" he called again, shaking her just a little more than before. She mumbled something incoherent before rolling onto her side, her back facing Kuroo.

He sighed, before shaking her a little more this time. "Nohara, wake up," he said in his normal tone. He shook her just a few more times before she mumbled something.

"Up... 'm up," she mumbled, a light snore flowing from her lips.

Kuroo snorted, shaking her until she was fully awake. She rolled back over to face him, her eyes drowsy and her cheeks flushed slightly. It took her a few moments to register Kuroo's face before her, at which her eyes opened fully.

"Roo?" she questioned, slowly sitting up. The blanket she shrouded herself in fell to pool at her waist as she looked around the room as if she was lost.

"Hey there, sleeping beauty," Kuroo teased, "It's time for you to go home; I wanna sleep too."

She shot him a drowsy look before complying and swinging her legs over the edge of the bed. "Sorry," she mumbled. She picked up her phone as she got onto her feet and shuffled her way to her school bag.

Kuroo also rose and watched as she slipped the bag onto her shoulder before looking back at him. "Are you-"

"Of course," he finished. "I'm not gonna let you walk home alone at night."

A sleepy smile formed on her lips before she turned around to head out the door. Kuroo watched and later followed suit and sauntered down the stairs after her.

Even then, her messy bun now a drooping mess, and her clothes "rather his clothes" baggy, being too big for her lithe body, she was as beautiful as ever to Kuroo.

And even then, when she was just an arm's length away, she still wasn't his.

And it rubbed him the wrong way.

\* \* \*

><p>AN: I just wanted to take a moment to thank all of the favorites/follows on my story. Admittedly, the first chapter wasn't very interesting, at least to me haha. But thank you thank you thank you for giving it a try, it really does mean a lot to me. C:

I just wanted to point a few things out, that might've been confusing.

Noa, Kuroo and Kenma have been friends since childhood. I thought I kinda pointed towards that in the first chapter, but I guess I didn't do too well, since a couple of you messaged me about it, haha.

Noa may like Kuroo, and she may not. I dunno, you tell me.  
/devilish grin

Kuroo may be OCC. It's 'cause I have no idea how he'd act in these situations, and it's all just my mind running away with the fact that Kuroo is adorable. So I apologize~

But...yeah. Thank you again for reading! Now, if you all could be amazeballs and review for me, although you don't have to. It just gives me an extra boost to update faster~ No pressure though.  
^\_^

Btw, little shout out to Savage Kill who posted a review on my first chapter, it means a lot to meeee.

Until next time. xx.

p.s. Sorry for the 3000+ word chapter. I got carried away. But really, can you blame me?

### 3. Chapter 2 (point) 5

Standing outside the gate, Kuroo watched at Noa lazily climbed the steps that led to her family's large home. The porch light was off, suggesting that most likely, no one was home. It wasn't surprising to Noa or Kuroo. Her parents always had some business trip they were gone for, and rarely spent time at home.

'\_Kind of a waste,' \_Kuroo thought to himself as he watched Noa fish her house keys from the bottom of her school bag, dropping a couple of pens and papers through the process. '\_Having such a big home and not spend any time in it.'\_

His lips pulled back in a light smirk when Noa triumphantly pulled out her keys, a large key chain bunny dangling from it. The same one he gave her on her birthday last year. His smirk grew into a smile, now knowing that she actually put the small thing to use.

She looked back at him, her green eyes full slumber. A smile graced her lips as she rose the hand that held her keys causing them to jingle lightly.

"Thanks for seeing me home, Kuroo," She expressed, her eyes opening to gaze at the boy that leaned on the metal gate. "Please be careful," she added, her voice just a little softer. "Text me when you get home, ok-"

"No one's going to kidnap me, Noa-hime." Kuroo interjected. He shook his head as he pushed himself off the gate. He turned, facing the quiet road that laid in front of the house.

He let out a quiet gasp when arms wrapped around his chest. Looking over his shoulder was Noa, leaning over the gate her face tucked into his back.

"Text me anyways, okay?"

Kuroo stood there silently for a few fleeting moments before smirking. He reached his arm back and placed his hand on Noa's head.

"Alright, alright. I will."

At that, Noa let her arms fall away from him. She looked up at the back of his head. "Goodnight, Kuroo." He heard as she hurried back to her door step, the keys jingling as she unlocked the door.

"Be careful!" She reminded once again, standing in the doorway.

Kuroo rose a hand lazily in response, turning in the direction that would lead him the way home. His smirk shrunk with every step he took that led him away from Noa's house.

How long had it been since he walked her home?

His lips twisted up into a small smile as he remembered the first time he walked her home, which happened to be the first time they

met.

'\_Who woulda thought...'\_

\* \* \*

><p>"<em>Kenma!" a much younger Kuroo called, walking over to the younger boy that stood in the middle of the grassy field, a volleyball rolling away from him slowly. "Ya gotta do it like this. See? Like this!" he explained, putting his arms together, displaying the perfect form to receive a volleyball.<em>

"\_...you've shown me before," the black haired boy replied, his honey eyes shifting to look at the grass below them.\_

\_It was a warm spring day, just a few days before the official start of elementary school for Kuroo. He wasn't excited, to say the least. School would mean spending more time inside, which means having less time to play volleyball, which means having less fun. And for Kuroo, \_less \_and \_fun\_ should never be said consecutively in the same sentence. Ever. Kenma was lucky, he still had a whole year of freedom.\_

"\_Then do it," Kuroo whined, "We'll never be volleyball stars at this rate." He picked up the volleyball and looked back up at Kenma.\_

\_His shoulders fell when he noticed that Kenma wasn't paying any attention to him, and instead had his honey gaze set on something behind him.\_

"\_Whatcha lookin' at-?"\_

"\_What are you guys playing?"\_

\_Kuroo turned around only to face a girl that was just a few inches shorter than him. She had shoulder length blonde hair and light green eyes. She wore what looked to be a delicate pale pink dress.\_

\_Before he could respond, the girl answered her own question.\_

"\_Is it softball?"\_

\_...Or at least, she tried to.\_

"\_What!" Kuroo spat, "Softball? Are you stupid!-"\_

\_His question was asked by a swift flick of his nose. He dropped the volleyball, his hands rising to rub his stinging snout. He pouted as he watch the girl kneel down and pick up the colorful ball. She stood back up, her lips pulled in a straight line.\_

"\_Instead of being mean," she began, tossing the ball at Kuroo softly, "Why don't you two \_teach\_ me?" she challenged.\_

"\_Why should we teach you?" he retorted as he caught the ball before he leaned in towards her.\_

"\_Because I'll tell on you if you don't."\_



"\_To who?"\_

\_The girl paused, pursing her lips in thought. "Your mom!" she finally responded, her once innocent looking eyes now twinkling with mischief.\_

\_Kuroo laughed curtly. "You don't know who either of our mamas are." He stuck his tongue out, teasing the blonde girl.\_

\_She folded her arms in front of her chest. "I can always find them."\_

\_Kuroo straightened slightly. She could find them. They were, after all, sitting at the large picnic table with the rest of the moms.\_

\_Kenma pulled at Kuroo's sleeve, eying the girl that held such a strong threat above them. "Kuroo, maybe you should-"\_

"\_Fine!" Kuroo caved. "We'll teach you, just don't cry if you get hurt."\_

\_The girl smiled triumphantly. "You were the one that looked like he was about to cry."\_

\_Kuroo simply grunted, deciding it wasn't worth the trouble to try and deny it. This girl, who ever she was, looked innocent but was definitely capable of being sinister. He'd better do as she please, or else.\_

\_Besides...he was tearing up just a little.\_

\* \* \*

><p>"<em>I told you to pay attention," Kuroo chided, reaching his free hand out as the other held his volleyball flush to his side.<em>

\_The girl looked up at the boy, tears brimming in her eyes. She sniffed, calling the salty teardrops back to their place. She wiped her nose with her right hand, placing her left hand into Kuroo's warm one. She pushed herself up as he tugged on her arm lightly.\_

\_She watched as the boy with short, black hair walked up behind Kuroo, his amber eyes swirling with worry and concern.\_

"\_I'm...sorry," he uttered, flashing his eyes to look at the girl before they dashed away, eventually focusing on the back of Kuroo's head. "Are you okay?"\_

\_The girl silently rubbed her left cheek where a bright red mark began to form. It stung a little due to the pressure she placed on it, causing her to wince slightly. "Yeah..." she replied quietly. She sniffed again, choking back the tears. She can't cry, not when she was the one who made them play with her. She had to hold them back, it was her fault after all.\_

\_Kuroo took a step towards the girl. "Do you wanna go home?" He had a

tinge of concern in his lazy voice as he angled his head to look at the down caste face the girl had.\_

\_She slowly shook her head yes, her hands raising to rub her face.\_

\_Kenma also took a step closer, his eyes trained on the girl who was just a year older than him. "I'm really sorry..."\_

\_The girl shook her head as she rubbed her eyes, causing a light red ring to form around them. "It's okay. Really."\_

\_Kenma nodded lightly, looking over at Kuroo. "Should I head home then?"\_

"\_Yeah," Kuroo replied, looking back at his young friend. "I'll see you tomorrow, Kenma," Kuroo bid before walking past the girl, heading towards the entrance of the small playground that Kuroo and Kenma had been using as their hangout spot since they met. "Come on."\_

\_The girl looked up at the amber eyed boy, a light smile pulling the corner of her lips back. "I'll be fine," she reassured him, "...your bunt is really good!"\_

"\_...it was a serve," Kenma corrected as he looked away, a light blush crawling across his face.\_

\_Kuroo snorted. '\_It's volleyball not softball'\_ he thought to himself. He went against correcting her again though.\_

\_Finally, the girl turned to follow after him once he finally began walking away.\_

\_A few moments passed since they left the playground before Kuroo stopped in his tracks. He looked back at her, noticing that her hand was cupped against her left cheek, her eyes casted down at her feet. "Hey..." he began, as she stopped, looking up at him. "Where exactly do you live?"\_

"\_We're going the right way," She replied. "But you can go home if you wanna."\_

\_Kuroo turned back around, continuing in the same path that they started on a few moments ago. "No way," he began, "My brother always tells me to never let a girl walk home by herself. It's not nice."\_

\_He looked back at the girl, his lips pulling back into a wide, sneaky grin. It was contagious, seeing as the girl couldn't help but return the smile.\_

\_Facing back before him, Kuroo tossed the volleyball idly from one hand to the other. A few moments of silence passed as they continued walking down the road, the size and quality of the houses changing subtly as they continued on. Kuroo slowed down his pace to fall in step with the girl, looking over at her once he did.\_

"\_What's your name?" He finally asked. Even after the few hours that they had been playing together, he hadn't have the slightest clue as to what to call the girl. \_

\_The girl looked over at him, tilting her head up slightly to glance at his face. Her hand still rubbing her left cheek lightly, she smiled. "I'm Nohara Takeda, but you can just call me Nohara," she paused, "I don't like going by my last name."\_

"\_Nohara huh?" Kuroo mused, "Alright, Noa-chan it is then," he declared. Nohara's smile grew at her newly given nickname. "I'm Kuroo Tetsuro, you can call me whatever."\_

"\_Kuroo-kun...?" She tested out. She nodded when she earned a grin from the boy.\_

\_A few more moments of silence fell among them, it was comforting though.\_

\_Kuroo paused when Noa stopped at a gate. Kuroo glanced at the name plate that was above the intercom of the house. '\_Takeda'\_ Kuroo read to himself. "\_This\_ is your house?" Kuroo asked, surprise lining his voice. "It's huge," he tilted his head back as he took in the image of the gated home. It was much bigger than his modest family home which, at one time, he considered to be an extravagant castle.\_

"\_Yeah," Noa replied, no sense of excitement was heard in her voice. She turned to look at him, her hand falling away from her cheek. She bowed formally, her blond hair falling to curtain around her face. "Thank you for walking me home," she uttered before leaning back up to her height of 3'9". Her cheeks were flushed, and had Kuroo not seen her moments before, he would've guessed that it was from the injury she sustained at the park just a few minutes ago.\_

"\_No problem," Kuroo responded, taken aback by her formal gratitude. "Are you gonna be okay?"\_

"\_Yeah!" she responded, not taking a moment to hesitate. She turned back to face the gate, unlatching the lock that held it closed. The gate squealed as she slipped through it, croaking shut as she latched it back. She looked back at the boy through the silver brushed bars of the gate. "You and that other kid will be there tomorrow, right?" She asked quietly.\_

"\_Hm? Kenma?" He clarified, "Yeah, we're there everyday."\_

\_Noa smiled. "Good, I'll see you and Kenma-kun tomorrow then!" she called back as she climbed her way up the stairs that led to her front door. "Be careful on your way home!" She waved at him before pushing the front door open.\_

\_Kuroo rose his hand, waving a lazy goodbye. "...Tomorrow?" He muttered to himself as Noa disappeared behind the door before it slowly closed shut. Kuroo smirked.\_

"\_Tomorrow, then."\_

\_He turned around to face the street, his head swiveling to each end of the street.\_

\_Now...which way \_was\_ home again?\_

\* \* \*

><p>Kuroo found himself standing before his own doorstep, the porch light washing the wooden door in a warm pale yellow glow. He smiled at the memory that seemed to happen so long ago.<p>

Surprisingly, Noa finally learned the difference between softball and volleyball. Sadly, not without a few more injuries from both he and Kenma.

He fished his own keys from the pocket of his uniform pants, opening the door and walking into the familiar surroundings of home.

"I'm back," He uttered in a hushed tone, aware of the time. He slipped off his outdoor shoes before he walked through the foyer. He peeked into the family room, glancing into the dark space. His keen eyes locked onto the sight of the family cat sleeping lazily on the arm rest of the couch. That's all he ever seemed to do.

Quietly, Kuroo climbed his way up the stairs that led to the second floor of his home. Pushing the bed room door open, he walked into the dark space of his home. He turned around and fall backwards onto his bed, his eyes trained on the ceiling.

He allowed his eyes to slide shut, finally growing aware of the drowsiness that previously went unnoticed. They snapped open at the muffled vibrating of his phone that was left in his pocket. He held back a groan as he fished it out, hitting the home button to light up the screen.

' 1 NEW MESSAGE FROM: Noa-chaaaaan~ '

Kuroo rolled his eyes, unlocking his phone. He skimmed over the contents of the message,

"You idiot, did you make it home okay?"

He smirked lightly, preparing to type his response. "Yes yes yes. I was not kidnapped, nor was I abducted by aliens."

He rested his phone on his stomach, waiting for the guaranteed message that he would receive in just a few more moments. Like clockwork, his phone vibrated once again.

"Not like they'd want you anyways," she teased.

Kuroo shook his head as his smirk grew. He was about to toss his phone somewhere on his bed when it vibrated once again. He read the message that appeared below the one Noa just sent.

"Thanks again for walking me home and sorry for keeping you up so late...Now go to bed. You won't use me as an excuse to sleep in class tomorrow. (à,‡'î€-'î•)à,‡"

He smiled at the threat, knowing all too well from experience that he shouldn't test it. He quickly typed out his reply,

"Please don't kill me Noa-hime~

Goodnight, Nohara."

With that he tossed his phone somewhere on his bed, his eyes sliding shut. A small but noticeable smile was set clear on his face.

He was...happy.

And little did he know that a sleepy Noa was just as happy too.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN:<strong> This was only supposed to be a filler chapter. Like a drabble, but I once again got carried away.  
:dies:

But I had a lot of fun writing this filler chapter. I love seeing them in fanfiction that I read. It's a way to give readers more information that otherwise wouldn't have been brought up in the main story. Plus, it's another opportunity to add a cute event in there too.

I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did writing it! If you'd like to see more of these filler chapters â€" which will one day be the length of a drabble...maybe â€" then please do comment/review telling me so. I wanna know what you guys like but I won't unless you tell me. \_\_.

Thank you, btw to those who did take the time to review. It means a lot. (:

Now, review again. (à,‡'î€-'î•)à,‡

See y'all in chapter three. :\*

#### 4. Chapter 3

It was finally the third week of school.

"Stand," the homeroom teacher commanded, watching as the students all slowly got on their feet, waiting for his next command silently, "Bow." They did almost in complete unison. Immediately, a dull roar developed in the classroom as they all began chattering among themselves.

Without willing himself to stay a moment longer in the chilly classroom, Kuroo picked his bag from where it hung on hook on the right side. He flung it over his right shoulder as he shuffled his way through the sliding doors that led out the classroom, out into the already busy 2nd year hallway.

He took a moment to scan the hallway, his eyes picking up on the blonde crown of the girl who struggled her way through the crowd, a bucket in one hand with a wooden mop in the other.

Her green eyes flashed up and caught sight of the black haired boy. A smile graced her face as she made her way to her way to him. He took a few steps towards her, his left hand stuffed in his pocket.

"Kuroo!" She greeted when they finally met halfway. "How was class? Did you stay awake the whole time?"

He reached his hand out taking the bucket that dangled in her hand and her school bag that hung on the nook of her elbow. "If I say that I did, will you be nice to me?" He asked a smirk forming on his lips.

Nohara punched him on the arm with her newly freed hands, a playful glint in her eyes.

"What are you doing with these anyways?" He asked, turning to fall in step with her as they made their way towards the main staircase.

"Our class finished our lessons early, so we went ahead and got our cleaning assignment out of the way."

"Oh? I can't imagine Noa-hime cleaning," Kuroo teased looking over at her from the corner of his eye. "What a nice princess."

She shot him an annoyed look as they climbed down the stairs.

They made their way to the supply room once they reached the first floor. They silently made their way through the hallway, the chattering of the students growing quieter and quieter as they grew farther away from the crowd. Taking advantage of the silence, Kuroo took a glance at Noa. He kept his sideways glance at her even when they reached the lonely supply room.

"I can see you," She uttered, causing Kuroo to snap his gaze away. She let out a short, light laugh, mostly out of nervousness. "What?—Is there something on my face?"

Kuroo managed to bite back his blush. "I wouldn't tell you even if there was."

"So there isn't?" She asked, smiling as she looked up at him from the corner of her eye.

He shrugged as he watched her hook the mop on the hanger that was bolted on the wall. He handed the bucket to her, watching as she placed it in the floor in the corner, storing it upside down.

"Oh!" She began, taking her school bag that Kuroo held out to her. "Doesn't volleyball start today?"

"Yeah," Kuroo responded, not doing much to hide the excitement in his voice. He turned around and slid the door shut behind them. "I have a chance of being the vice captain this year too."

Noa took hold of his hand eagerly, looking up at him.

"What?" He asked, eyeing her as if she grew a third leg.

"You didn't tell me that!" She exclaimed. "That's great Kuroo! You've aimed to be captain since we left middle school. What's it feel like? You're so much closer to being in power."

He let out a low chuckle, relishing in her praise and sudden contact. "I said I might be co captain. It's not written in stone yet."

"They'd be idiots if they gave it to anyone else but you."

"You think so?" He rose a black brow as they turned the corner, walking into the entrance way that housed their shoe lockers.

She nodded her head fervently.

"Ahh, thank you. That means a lot, coming from you Noa-hime.~" he cooed, leaning in towards her as he slipped his indoor shoes off, trading them for his outdoor ones.

She shook her head, smiling to herself as she mimicked his actions, trading her shoes for the outdoor ones.

"Are you joining any clubs?" He asked, looking over at her.

"No," she replied, shaking her head. "My parents want me to focus on school instead."

Kuroo nodded his head in understanding. "As expected of King and Queen Takeda."

Noa gave him a frown as they made their way through the front of the school. "They only want the best for me." She uttered quietly trying to convince not only him but herself also.

"Of course," he said, a bit of venom lining his words. "Are you heading home now?"

"I'm gonna hang out at the cafÃ© down the road from here and wait there for a little while." She replied, pointing in the general direction of the cafÃ©.

"For?"

"Toru," she replied quietly.

Kuroo nodded before turning to face the direction of the boys gym. "Then I guess I'll see you tomorrow then, Noa-chan." He bid, raising a lazy hand in goodbye.

"Have fun today, " she called after him. He nodded in response before stuffing his hand in his pocket, kicked up dirt as he made his way to the gym.

Nohara watched him grow further and further away, the smile that always seemed to form when she was around him, fading with every step he took in the opposite direction.

\* \* \*

><p>"I don't know what made you join the volleyball club," the looming 3rd year began, pacing up and down the line up of 1st and 2nd years that stood before him. The second year that stood behind him as the vice captain had his arms folded across his chest. He eyed his classmates and kohai with a steel eye until he locked onto the keen, dark eyes of the tallest 2nd year in the lineup. Kai Nobuyuki's eyes flashed an offering of 'I'm sorry' as he peered into Kuroo's eyes.<p>

A smirk pulled at Kuroo's lips as he nodded his head in acknowledgment before shifted them onto the third year that terrorized the team.

"But if you're not prepared to dedicate yourself to it, it's best if you leave now." He gave a moment for those who weren't ready for the commitment to silently file out. Kuroo leaned forward and glanced at the first years who stood silently at the end of the line.

Kenma stood there, his eyes casted down dashing from the captain's face to the lines that marked the sections of the gym below them.

Standing to his full height, Kuroo smiled, sending a mental expression to the introverted first year.

"Once Nekoma starts flowing, we won't stop for anyone. Sink or swim, your success depends on you." The 3rd year finished, looking into the faces of his team. He turned away, facing his back to the team. He walked towards the middle of the court before looking over his shoulder at his team. "Laps around the court," he paused looking over to Kai, "Everyone." With that, the third year jogged to the outer part of the court with the team following after him soon after.

Kai took a moment before starting his jog, falling into step with Kuroo who already had Kenma in tow.

"Listen," Kai began, looking over at Kuroo from the corner of his eye.

"You don't have to explain anything, Kai," Kuroo responded without looking over to his classmate. "You deserve it."

Admittedly, Kuroo felt a pinch of jealousy for his friend. He knew that his abilities were more than enough to get him the position of co captain. But he also knew that Kai had the personality and traits of a leader. He envied him for that but he praised him for it nonetheless.

Kai nodded, remaining silent. The screeching of the rubber soles on the players shoes being the only sound that bounced throughout the gym.

Kuroo had nothing to worry about. He already knew that by this time, next year, he would not only be Nekoma's captain, but also their ace.

\* \* \*

><p>"I knew I should've paired up with someone who's taller," Kuroo hissed as Kenma pulled his arms forward, leaning back as far as he could.<p>

It was only the first day of practice and practice already went passed the planned ending time of 7:30. The team had already put away all the equipment and were given the choice of heading home or staying behind to follow the stretches that were led by the captain.



Kuroo glanced over at the clock on the wall, looking through the metal grating that protected its glassface. '\_8:37?' \_Kuroo read to himself before feeling sharp pain run through his back. He glared back at Kenma who's amber eyes were already trained on him.

The first year shrugged nonchalantly as he pulled on Kuroo's arm again, earning a hiss from the already sore player. Last time Kuroo checked, thigh stretches were supposed to feel \_good\_ not like he was being folded into a noodle.

After a few more tugs in alternating directions, Kenma dropped his hand, letting it fall onto the wooden floor of the gym with a light thump. Kuroo let out a deep sigh as he slumped over, waiting until the soreness that ached through his muscles to ease off. Sitting up straight, Kuroo reached to take hold of the setter's hands that were already outstretched to him. He tugged on them with a little more force than was necessary. He grinned deviously when he saw a pang of pain flash across Kenma's face.

"Have you spoken to Nohara about it?" Kenma asked through a quiet grunt, searching for things to distract Kuroo with. Kenma truly didn't want to discuss this with him, especially with the other teammates hanging around, but if it was enough to distract Kuroo from helping him 'stretch' out, then so be it.

Kuroo glanced into Kenma's eyes, raising a brow. "Have I spoken to her about \_what\_?" He asked, knowing full well of what Kenma was referring to.

"About how you feel." Kenma responded, his voice drifting off as he ended the question. He glanced at everything but Kuroo's eyes which were now boring holes into him.

"What is there to tell?" Kuroo asked, his voice low so as to keep the topic between themselves and not the nosy kohai that were his teammates.

He let go of Kenma's hands before pushing himself to his feet. He reached a hand out to Kenma, pulling him up onto his feet.

Kenma shrugged, knowing that Kuroo wouldn't catch onto the response. He followed his upperclassman in silence as they made their way to the locker room, following behind several other pairs that concluded their stretches.

Once at his locker, Kuroo simply pulled his track pants up over the shorts that he practiced in before grabbing the bag that he stuffed in there a few hours prior. He walked over to the locker room doors and waited for Kenma who showed up behind him just a few moments later. In silence, they made their way out of the boys' volleyball gym and through the courtyard that led to the main entrance of the school.

"Why is it so important that I tell her anyways?" He finally asked, not looking over to the small setter that was in step with him to his right. "What good will it do me?"

Kenma shrugged again. "What good is it doing you to keep it to yourself?" He asked quietly as they walked through the entrance gate of the school, heading out to the main road that led away from the

school.

Both Kenma and Kuroo caught onto the small group of students that walked just a few steps ahead of them. They wore the Nekoma's athletic uniform but had the words "BASKETBALL CLUB" sewed into the fabric of their sports bags.

Kuroo's lips formed into a slanted frown once he recognized the tallest figure among the crowd.

"Toru!~ You're so funny!" A feminine voice exclaimed from among the group. It was hard to miss the girl that clutched onto Toru's right arm, leaning into him charmingly.

His smooth laugh was carried by the light breeze and was caught on Kenma and Kuroo's ears. The taller of the two rose his eyebrow questioning not only the girl, but also the boy that did nothing to stop her. "Why is he letting her hang all over him like that?" He asked, his tongue clicking in disappointment.

"Maybe they're closeâ€¦?" Kenma responded, cutting his reply short thanks to what just happened before them.

The girl who was considerably shorter than Toru pulled him down by his track suit sleeve and planted a wanton kiss on his lips, then again on the skin of his neck.

Kuroo stopped dead in his tracks, his lips parted slightly in astonishment.

"Whatâ€¦?"

His face set into a scowl as he prepared to approach Toru, planning in his head how he would confront him of what he just did. He was stopped, however, by the firm tug on his left sleeve. Looking back at him, he saw Kenma, the dyed blonde's hand keeping hold on the breathable material of Kuroo's uniform jacket.

"What?" Kuroo asked, the venom that was directed to Toru slipping out. "We have to-"

"\_We\_ don't have to do anything. This isn't any of our business." Kenma replied, his voice suddenly strong. He slowly let go of Kuroo's sleeve as the boy looked down on him, surprise taking full reign of his features. "We can't-" Kenma began, drawing back into himself, "Even if we confront him, what will we do afterwards?"

"Tell Noa." Kuroo responded without hesitation, "This \_is\_ our business. We can't just let him do that," He said, pointing his hand at Toru who was now farther ahead of them than before, "And go with Nohara like nothing happened."

"...It's none of our business."

"She's our friend! How is it not any of our business!"

"Are you really so willing to do it just because she's your friend?" Kenma asked, looking up at Kuroo before shifting his gaze away. "I don't think she would appreciate us telling her something like thisâ€¦"

Kuroo went silent, taken aback by what the question was pointing towards. Of course he was doing this because Nohara's his friend! Best friend, at that! Even without considering the way he feels about her, even if those feelings didn't exist, he would tell her without any hesitation.

Right?

"Just wait before you tell her," Kenma suggested. "Wait until we know for sure."

"What else is there to wait for, Kenma?" he retorted. He knew, though, that he wouldn't push the matter any further. Was it really wrong of him to tell her just because of his feelings?

After all, Toru was the one in the wrong here, not him.

Kuroo let out an agitated breath as he pushed himself forward, continuing down the road that leads to their neighborhood.

Tell her is the right thing to do. He was only doing the right thing.

But he knew that maybe, just maybe, something else was driving him.

Does that make him the bad guy, though?

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN:<strong> Ew. I really don't like this chapter, haha. But I felt like it has been long enough since I last updated with an actual chapter, and not a filler one. I did however go through the last three chapters and found so many mistakes that I'm still embarrassed by. Really, I must've been typing everything blindfolded because it looked like it was written by a first grader. I'm so incredibly sorry for making y'all go through that! I've already fixed them, but please, tell me if you find anymore. They make me cringe whenever I see that I missed them. .

But, other than that, I have a question for y'all! Would you tell your friend if you saw their honey bunny cheating on them? I honestly have no idea what I'd do. I hate sticky situations and this is like jumping into a bucket of caramel.

I hope you guys enjoy this awkward, jumpy chapter. \_\_. Please comment/review if you do or don't. I honestly love reading y'all's feedback and opinions.

See y'all in chapter four. :\*

/runs off to watch Knights of Sidonia. (Watch it! You won't regret it!)

End  
file.